

The Dice of Fate

It's a sad sack story
a prisoner of love
and a prisoner of glory
riding the crimson wave
that crashes against the shore
alone I will be no more
or at least that's what
I tell myself
opening the door
falling into the slide
that crisses and crosses
down from the mountain top
covered in white snow and silver ice
the scent of cinnamon incense
whisks me away to Zanzibar
like a genie that trades in spice
does everything have to have such a high price
three wishes from afar
mingle with oxygen
and a scent of tar
away with these feelings
of mind games and inadequacy
let's start the healing
before it's too late
and all is determined
by rolling the dice of Fate

the apache kid

Texten är utskriven från Poeter.se

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